

We Cannot Be Alone.

I thought to be alone, So left the busy world, with all its life...

I thought to be alone, But found the woods alive. Each dell and glen As full of bustle as the haunts of men...

I thought to be alone, So turned my steps toward the great, wide sea, And sat upon the beach, for majesty...

I thought to be alone, Alone? No more I moan, But turn, with tearful eyes and drooping head...

A GOOD TURN.

It was not intended in the Magilvray family that Miss Alice of that name should marry Eugene Descamps...

"I don't know why I should be expected to bring up the family," Miss Alice would cry. "If the girl wants to marry well, I'm willing..."

"How is it possible," Mrs. Magilvray would exclaim, rolling up her eyes, and in her most tragic manner...

"You unnatural, undutiful girl!" "I should think it was a reproach to be a girl," cried the saucy-box.

"You had better call to mind that whoso mocketh his mother," said Mrs. Magilvray, in hollow tones...

rying so as never to be able to help your family." "The very depth of selfishness for me not to sacrifice my whole life!"

"Oh, Engene! burglars! Oh, Engene! did they attack you?" "Attack me?—no; they attacked uncle's old desk there, burst open drawers and compartments, found secret places that I never knew before..."

"Kill me? I slept beautifully through the whole, and I should never have known it but for Bridget's cries this morning, and I ran down to find her howling over the open desk..."

"Alice went home trembling; and, as she never kept anything to herself, took the occasion at once to make herself tremble again with indignation at her mother's scorn of burglars so stupid as to try and rob Eugene Descamps..."

"Mrs. Magilvray," said Engene, standing half in hand before the Roman woman, "a week ago I should not have dared ask you for the hand of your daughter Alice..."

"Oh, the blessed burglars!" cried Alice, with clasped hands—instantly turned upon by her mother.

"Of my uncle's estate," continued Engene, "which the Institution for the Blind Feejees has relinquished into my hands without a contest..."

"I am confident, Mr. Descamps," said Mrs. Magilvray, "that you can not hold me blame-worthy if, with Alice's beauty, and sweet temper, and accomplishments, and attractive..."

"Oh, ma! ma! you needn't cry up wares in this way!" cried Alice, with a burning face. "Tell him he's welcome to take such a baggage..."

"And the sooner the better," cried Engene, catching the reddened little maid in his clasp, and holding her fast. "I should be the last person to blame you, Mrs. Magilvray, for setting a high value on what I find to be beyond price..."

It was some weeks later that Alice came into the parlor with a little long flat tin box in her hand. "It's Eugene's," said she. "He's just left them at the door to take care of..."

"I should sit up all night and watch them," said Maria. "Put them between the mattresses," said Mrs. Magilvray, with the air of having solved every problem...

limpet. There was no shrieking then; it was a struggle in dead silence—Alice too intent, the thief too cautious. "Come now, little one," he said, hoarsely, at last, "no more of this..."

Eugene came back that night, and he was speechless and cold with horror when he found to what he had exposed his darling. And Alice was ill with a raging fever, and with that housebreaker's face sealed upon the space before her eyes—a dark and pallid face strange-ly evil and strangely beautiful...

The doctor said it was a hallucination owing to nervous shock, and that it would take a long season for her to recover entirely, if she ever did. But youth is a great deal stronger than doctors are wise, and before as many months as he had prophesied years, Miss Alice was about the house again, as gay as ever, only very tremulous, when night-time came, and unwilling to be left alone in the dark a minute.

It was a month or so after Alice's wedding that an officer waited upon her one morning with the request that she should go to the city prison in order to identify a party suspected of breaking open the Wamontee bank on the same night that Mrs. Magilvray's house had been entered and the little flat tin box so nearly made away with...

"Well, ma'am, he has been," the officer replied. "Just now he's been playing off. We found him at a trade, with some custom, and he begged hard to be let off and left to lead an honest life. That's his blind. Oh, he's a bad 'un! It'll only take a half-hour..."

"Oh, Engene, I can't go!" she exclaimed, shrinking back and covering her eyes. "I couldn't be the means of keeping him—and, oh! I couldn't see that face again. It would drive me wild..."

"It made an impression," said the officer. "You're the very person we need, Mrs. Descamps. I haven't the power to force you to go with me, except as a criminal witness, but I can bring the prisoner here..."

"That would be objectionable for many reasons," said Engene. "I will go with you, dear, and perhaps it will be really best to make the effort..."

It was a strange contrast that was presented by Alice's entrance into that dark place where that group of fettered ferocious-looking men, with their generic countenances, were defiled before her under their guard; the brilliant, beaming young wife, with her shining hair, her shining eyes—great, innocent eyes—her sweet smile on her trembling lips, taking the one sunbeam that shined through the place on her golden brown velvets and furs and plumes, like an aura of mercy and happiness...

An old writer asks: "Oh, Death, where is thy sting?" The world's collection of literature may be searched, but the same question will never be found addressed to a wasp.

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

POTATO CRUST FOR MEAT PRES.—One teacupful cream to six good-sized potatoes boiled and mashed fine, and salt and flour enough to roll. Handle as little as possible.

PRESERVED QUINCES.—Pare and core quinces; take the cores and skins and boil them an hour, then strain the juice through a coarse cloth; boil the quinces in the juice till tender; take them out, add the weight of the quinces in sugar to this syrup; boil and skim till clear, then put in the quinces and boil three hours.

APPLE OMELET.—Pare, core and stew six large tart apples. Beat them very smooth while hot, adding one spoonful of butter, six of sugar, and a little nutmeg. When perfectly cold add three eggs, yolks and whites beaten light separately. Pour this into a hot deep, buttered baking dish, and bake till of a delicate brown.

CORN BREAD.—Mix two cupfuls of sifted cornmeal with two cupfuls of sour milk; add one tablespoonful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of melted butter or shortening, and one egg. Beat well, and lastly add one-half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one tablespoonful of boiling water. Bake in a quick oven.

BREAD PUDDING.—Take a pound of stale bread; boil a quart of milk, pour it on the bread, and let it soak one or two hours; then rub it quite fine with the hands. Beat up four or five eggs, and add them to it; also a tablespoonful of cinnamon, or any other kind of spice; two cupfuls of sugar and a little chopped suet, or quarter of a pound of butter. Bake or boil it two hours.

POT-CHEESE.—Scald sour milk until the whey rises to the top; pour it off or skim off the curd and place it in a cotton cloth or bag, hang it up to drain; let it drain five or six hours; do not squeeze it; after the whey had all dripped out put the curd in a bowl, salt to taste, and work in well with your hands butter and a little cream; mold into balls or pats; keep in a cool place.

MOLASSES CANDY.—One quart of good molasses, one tablespoonful of vinegar, half cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter; boil, stir most of the time; drop a teaspoonful in cold water—if it hardens it is finished; at the last stir in a teaspoonful of saleratus, first dissolved in a little hot water; one tablespoonful essence of lemon; pour into buttered tins. When cool enough "pull it white." Flour your fingers occasionally.

TO MAKE SALT CODFISH BALLS.—One-third of a salt codfish and six potatoes; the codfish to be the best of its kind (Isles of Shoals fish preferable), and the potatoes ripe and mealy. Put the fish in a gallon of water and let it come to the boiling point. Boil and peel the potatoes. Chop the fish fine and mix with it the potato mashed in half pound of butter, half teacupful of milk, and two eggs. Make with the hand into oblong balls, roll in fine bread crumb, and fry in boiling lard. Remove each cake carefully with a skimmer, and serve at once while hot.

TOMATO CATSUP.—Cut one peck of ripe tomatoes in halves, boil them in a porcelain kettle until the pulp is all dissolved, then strain them well through a hair sieve and set the liquor on to boil, adding one ounce of salt, one of mace, one tablespoonful of black pepper, one of red pepper, one of mustard; let them all boil together for five or six hours, and stir them most of the time. Let the mixture stand eight or ten hours in a cool place, add one pint of vinegar, and then bottle it; seal the corks and keep in a cool, dark place.

What the Birds Accomplish. The swallow, swift and nighthawk are the guardians of the atmosphere; they check the increase of insects that would otherwise overload it. Woodpeckers, creepers and chickadees, etc., are the guardians of the trunks of trees. Warblers and flycatchers protect the foliage. Blackbirds, thrushes, crows and larks protect the surface of the soil; snipe and woodcock, the soil under the surface. Each tribe has its respective duties to perform in the economy of nature; and it is an undoubted fact that, if the birds were all swept from the earth, man could not live upon it, vegetation would wither and die, insects would become so numerous that no living thing could withstand the attack. The wholesale destruction occasioned by the grasshoppers which have lately devastated the West, is undoubtedly caused by the thinning out of the birds, such as grouse, prairie-hens, etc., which feed upon them. The great and inestimable good done to the farmer, gardener and florist by birds is only becoming known by sad experience. Spare the birds and save your fruit. The little corn and fruit taken by them is more than compensated by the vast quantities of noxious insects destroyed. The long-persecuted crow has been found by actual experiment to do far more good by the vast quantity of grubs and insects he devours than the little harm he does in a few grains of corn he pulls up. He is one of the farmer's best friends.—Farmer's Advocate.

Arrangements for a Barn. M., Cortland, N. Y., writes: "I am about to build a horse barn. Will it be injurious to the horses to keep hogs underneath them in the basement? Could it not be ventilated to carry off the odor, and in what way? What is the best plan for supporting the middle cross-beams to prevent sagging, without posts? Reply.—There would be no objection to having the basement if the barn floor is tight and there are ample spaces for ventilation at the top of the basement walls. The hog-pens may be kept clean which would prevent any trouble. To support the middle beams use a truss, similar to an ordinary bridge truss, in the floor above, thus suspending the beams instead of holding them up with posts. This may be done in each bent. The truss timbers should meet at each side of a post at the centre of the beam above the barn floor, and the beam below should be held to the foot of the post by a strong iron strap, passing through them and the post. The size of the truss-timbers may be eight by six inches, or ten by five.

A Condensed History of Mormonism.

1793—Sidney Rigdon, born in St. Clair, Pa. 1801—Brigham Young, born in Whitingham, Vt. 1805—Joseph Smith, born in Sharon Vt. 1823—Joseph Smith, living with his father in Ontario, county, N. Y., has his first visions. 1827—Joseph Smith claims to receive sacred oracles from an "Angel of the Lord."

1829—Sidney Rigdon associates himself with Smith. 1830—Book of Mormon printed, as dictated by Smith. 1830, April 6—First Mormon church regularly organized at Manchester, N. Y. 1831, January—Smith leads his followers to Kirtland, O. 1831, August—Smith dedicates the site of a Mormon temple at Independence, Mo.

1832, March—Smith and Rigdon suspected at Kirtland of counterfeiting and tarred and feathered by a mob. 1832—Brigham Young joins the Mormon church at Kirtland. 1835—Twelve Mormon apostles ordained, Brigham Young for one. 1836—A large and costly temple dedicated at Kirtland. 1837—Orson Hyde and Heber C. Kimball sent as missionaries to England. 1838—The Mormon church in Ohio obliged to flee to Missouri, and there assumes a defiant and lawless attitude. 1838—The Mormons driven over into Illinois and settled at Nauvoo under a favorable charter granted by the Legislature. 1838—Smith begins the practice of polygamy. 1843—Smith claims to have received a revelation sanctioning polygamy. 1845—The heads of the church repudiate this revelation. 1844—Smith killed by a pistol shot in a riot growing out of internal dissensions. 1844—Brigham Young elevated to the presidency after a fierce contention with Rigdon. 1845—The charter of Nauvoo revoked by the Legislature and the Mormons prepare to move. 1846—Nauvoo bombarded for three days by the anti-Mormons. 1847—Brigham Young plants his banner at Salt Lake. 1848—Salt Lake City founded. 1849—State of Deseret organized, but Congress withholds its recognition. 1849—Congress organizes the Mormons' district into the Territory of Utah, and Young appointed governor by President Fillmore. 1850—Young throws off the authority of the United States. 1852—Polygamy formerly sanctioned by the church. 1854—Colonel Steptoe appointed governor of Utah and arrives at Salt Lake City with a small military force, but abandons the enterprise. 1856—President Buchanan determines to put the Mormons down. 1857—Alfred Cumming appointed governor and sent out with a force of 2,500 men to back him, Colonel A. S. Johnson in command. 1858—Peace arranged. 1860—United States troops withdrawn from Utah. 1877, August 29—Death of Brigham Young.

An American Stage-Coach. It would not be difficult, in the vicinity of New York, to make arrangements for running a line of stage-coaches strictly on the American plan. Any of the party opened streets in the upper portion of the island would do for a starting-place, and a rough bridge, in imitation of those in use in the unsettled portion of the Southwest, might be thrown over Spuyten Duyvil creek. The route could then be laid out along some of the least frequented country roads, and some of the low-lying places might be filled in with corduroy. Then one of our Western stage-coaches, with six mules at full gallop, and a driver who was accustomed to guide them with the lines in his teeth and a rifle in his hands, would tear along the road, with all the clatter and bang and wild excitement that you could get on a road down near the Mexican border. The mules would be of the kind that no driver could stop between stations, and if he could keep them in the road it would be all that would be expected of him. At certain points there would be armed men, ambushed by the road-side, whose duty it would be to fire at the stage as it passed, and as each of the passengers would be required to carry a rifle, very pretty sport could be had by peppering the bushes as the stage dashed along. At other points, the stage would be stopped, and each passenger carefully robbed by highwaymen. This part of the exercises might be made very effective. The valuables taken could be returned on application to the stage office, or they could be kept as perquisites by the obliging attendants. Sometimes the services of Indians or Mexicans might be obtained, and an attack on the stage by a small party of these would give variety to the proceedings. Refreshments, such as are found at the stations on the prairie roads, would be furnished at the stopping-places, and many persons be thus afforded opportunities, which they could not otherwise obtain, of eating the crust off an immense lump of dough, hastily baked over a hot fire, and put on again after the departure of each coach, to be re-crisped for the next load of passengers. Some pork and beans, and hot fried cakes, could also be served, if thought necessary. Miners would be hired to play cards in the coaches and all the cards, knives and revolvers necessary could be furnished by the company. By careful attention to these and other details, a line of coaches might be established, which should represent, with accuracy and fidelity, some of the characteristic methods of travel in our own country. And it is scarcely necessary to say that this would be a great educational boon to people like the citizens of New York, who will soon begin to believe that there are no stage-coaches excepting those modeled and run upon the English plan.—Scribner's "Bric-a-Brac."

Pearls of Thought. Faith is necessary to victory. Wine has drowned more than the sea. Modesty once extinguished knows not how to return. Honor is like an island, rugged and without a landing place; we can never more re-enter when we are once outside of it. To assist our fellow-creatures is the noblest privilege of mortality; it is, in some sort, forestalling the bounty of Providence. Party spirit is like gambling—a vast number of persons trouble themselves about what in the end can be beneficial only to a few. Philosophy has not so much enabled men to overcome their weakness, as it has taught the art of concealing them from the world. If all the year were playing holidays, to sport would be as tedious as to work; but when they seldom come, they are wished for. Of the acts of cowardice, the meanest is that which leads to abandon a good cause because it is weak and join a bad cause it is strong. They who have experienced sorrow are the most capable of appreciating joy; so, those only who have been sick, feel the full value of health. Men of humor are, in some degree, men of genius; wits are rarely so, although a man of genius, amongst other gifts, may possess wit—as Shakespeare. It is as difficult to win over an enthusiast by force of reasoning, as to persuade a lover of his mistress's faults; or to convince a man who is at law of the badness of his cause. Man was born for action; he ought to do something. Work, at each step, awakens sleeping force, and drives out error. Who does nothing, knows nothing. Rise! To work! If thy knowledge is real, employ it. Wrestle with nature; test the strength of thy theories; see if they will support the trial. Act!

An Invasion of Bears. More wild bears than have ever been known relish the swamps have been settled by white men are reported to inhabit the bottoms of the Mississippi valleys this year. These carnivorous plantigrades are particularly fond of succulent food, and the juicy corn as it ripens in the field is an especial object of affection. So strong is Brum's appetite for it that the planters of Coahoma and Tunica counties, Miss., have recently been compelled to place guards around their cornfields to protect them from destruction. A medium-sized bear, with an ordinary appetite, has been known to cut down and destroy two acres of growing corn in a single night. They go on their foraging expeditions in the night time, and entering a cornfield they squat and proceed to masticate an ear of corn in patient quietude with an air of contentment. When their appetite is satisfied, they cut off cornstalks below the ear by the armful, and walking erect, carry their booty through fields, over fences and into dark recesses of the swamps and canebrakes to their hiding-places.

Items of Interest.

In a camp meeting near Guerneville, Cal., a house of three stories was made of a hollow tree, the cavity being thirteen feet in diameter. An apothecary asserted in a large company "that all bitter things were hot." "No," replied a physician, "a bitter cold day is an exception."

Somebody painted a pet Spitz dog in Bethlehem, Penn., with alternate carmine and green stripes. The dog is not yet mad, but its owner is very. A marriage is probable between the ex-prince imperial of France and the Princess del Pilar, sister of the king of Spain. She is sixteen years of age. The aggregated exports of petroleum oil this year are 121,000,000 against 84,000,000 gallons last year. Over a million gallons are daily exported from New York. One firm in New York, engaged in the manufacture of matches, consumes per annum 700,000 feet of white pine lumber, 100,000 pounds of sulphur and 150 tons of straw board for boxes.

The Potter Journal says that the farmers in that part of Pennsylvania have discovered that the thrush will not only eat the potato bug, but that it soon succeeds in exterminating that pest. The young man whose heart stood still every time through the long summer he thought of ice cream at fifteen cents a plate, is now ready to lie down and die as he smells oysters at fifty cents a dish in the dim distance. THE RUSSIAN LOVER'S PARTING. Without thee I am poor indeed, But with thee I am rich; Oh! wouldst thou make my heart to bleed, Beloved Tzaskoskovich, Tzaskoskovich Eihelkand, As from her arms he tore, Burst two tender kisses off, Which rolled upon the floor. "Keep them," he cried in piteous tone, "And think me, my love, Then, turned and madly fled his own Skobeskihranostov."

A Black Hills Character. A Black Hills paper says: "One of the biggest, meanest and most over-bearing fellows in the Hills is a fellow called 'The Colorado Lion.' He is a gambler, a swindler, a robber, a road agent, and a murderer, and not a week goes by that he doesn't shoot or stab some one, generally without the slightest provocation. He used to walk into a hotel or dance-house, and holding a revolver in either hand, order the crowd to 'git.' If any one hesitated or showed resistance he became a target, and was soon under ground and forgotten. He would murder a man on a band of half a dozen miners working a claim, and insist to have first staked it, and if they did not buy him off he would cut out with his revolver and blaze away. He had courage and a steady hand, and Deadwood feared him more than all the Indians in the West. He left here two weeks ago under a cloud, and it is probable that he will be shot on sight if he returns. Fifteen days ago, when 'The Colorado Lion' was king bee and had everything his own way, he took a little walk up the creek to raise a stake by blackmailing a miner or two. He was armed as usual, had stowed away the usual amount of whisky behind the deepskin shirt, and there wasn't the least doubt in his mind that he would come back to town with increased wealth and a safe hide. He finally halted at a claim being worked by three men, one of whom is an old fireman from Chicago named Jed Sweet. He is an under-sized man, about forty-five years old, and a hard worker. When the Lion halted before the trio he roared out: 'Tere, you coyotes, what yo workin' my claim for?' They protested that they were the original stake-drivers, but it was his plan to claim priority of ownership, and he continued: 'This is my claim, and yer's two revolvers what backs me! Either jump out or buy me off!' He had his weapons in his hands, but that fact did not prevent the old fireman from reaching out and knocking him into a heap by a blow between the eyes. The Lion was hardly down before the trio disarmed him, and then kicked, cuffed and pounded him till he was hardly better than dead. Some friend in town concealed him, and patched him up as well as possible, and two days after his humiliation, the defeated Lion skulked out of Deadwood to start anew somewhere else.

Shopping in Venice. Shopping is quite a feat in Venice. A lady who sets out on a shopping expedition may well prepare herself for doubtful and hostile encounters. Having found the object sought, she demands the price. The shopkeeper names a sum of one-third more to double the value of the article. The customer starts back with a curious sort of shriek, which commences on a high key, ascends slightly, and then suddenly falls, a sound expressing incredulity, contempt, and astonishment, and after an instant of silence offers less than half the sum demanded. The same howl of indignation is then repeated by the shopkeeper, only an octave lower. He protests that the amount asked is in reality two-thirds that from anxiety to please the Signora he had mentioned his very lowest rate. The purchaser then offers half of the first required sum. Another howl of derision from the shopkeeper, who, however, drops perhaps a fourth of his price. The customer takes up her parcel and departs. Once outside she calls out a slight advance on her offer. The proprietor invites her to enter again, and proposes that they should "combinate, i. e., combine, and share." The customer repeats her ultimatum. The shopkeeper declares that "at such ruinous rates he might as well close his shop." The lady loses patience, and quits this time without looking back. After she is some paces from the door the shopkeeper sends a small boy, kept for the purpose, after her, or calls himself from the door: "The Signora can have it this time," he says sadly, "but he can never sell again so cheap." He folds it up and hands it to her with a graceful flourish, saying with a courteous bow, "Servo, signora" (literally, her servant), in which the clerks and even the small boy join in chorus.—Galaxy.